



The Madness Complex



👁 197 ✓ 9 ★ 16

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Madness. That's all I know. That's all I have known. The bugs crawling inside of my head, the glass cutting through my insides, the uncontrollable urge to destroy inside my mind. I glared at the mirror in front of me. Reflected upon it was the face of a lunatic, with tangled hair and a unshaved, tangled beard. The man's eyes were bloodshot, the demons dancing just beyond them. The sight made me sick. I punched the mirror in frustration. The mirror shattered and cut my hand into ribbons. The pain flared up in my knuckles. I was now looking at a dozen of me staring back.

I wanted blood. And it's about time I go get some.

Chapter 2 by Victor



Everyday is the same thing, everyday I paint the town red.

Nobody knows my name, nobody knows my face, nobody knows the monster inside of me.

I am used to kill using weapons, not guns, guns are for cowards, I like knives, hell, swords if I can choose, but, I always end up using my fists, no feeling can compare to the feeling of punching their life out of their body, that's who I am, that's who I want to be, that's how you made me.

Chapter 3 by On4325



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The monster inside me has come out. I want to kill for blood, to harm. To hurt. For crime, I don't know what I'm doing. Over and over again, pounding in my mind. I want to see that black blood. I swear that the devil... is in me...

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Chapter 4 by MineTimelapser

Every day I wake up I make someone go to sleep. Nobody dares to turn the tables, their fear is bigger than their hate. Oh yes, people have tried. They sure have. But never have they succeeded. I don't know if anyone ever will be able to take the monster inside of me. But I hope they'll rip it apart.

Chapter 5 by Marius25

But the times when I let them sleep are over. Blind fury overcomes me. I punch against the white rubber. It makes me angry that my effort doesn't destroy something. My arms, full of scratches, many bruises in my face. My body is damaged, but my soul is destroyed. I continue to release my anger against the rubber. It makes no sense, I leave no traces. Nothing makes sense, down here in the padded cell.

I'm starting to cry, tears running down over my injured my face. I sit down on the ground on the shards of the shattered mirror and linger in embryo position. Why have they given me the mirror? So I can see how broken I am?

The monster destroys me, there is barely anything left of me now. Who was I then? Has it always been like that?

The door opens and a person in a white coat comes into my cell .

Chapter 6 by Queen of Words

With a roar of hatred and fury, tears still streaming from my face, I leaped up and charged at this man who I knew nothing of. He sidestepped me. Of all the things that he could have done, he sidestepped me. I let another scream and ran past him, burying myself in this soft cell room that I could destroy nothing in. I started sobbing. Maybe the devil was leaving me.

I felt a cold, smooth hand on my shoulder. I automatically tensed up; the hairs on the back of my neck felt like they were walking around on my skin.

"I'm here to help," said the man.

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